

THE LITERARY GAZETTE:

OR,

Journal of Criticism, Science, and the Arts.

BEING A THIRD SERIES OF THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1821.

No. 28.

LECTURES ON POETRY.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

[From the May No. of the New Monthly Magazine.]

Lecture II.—Part II.

(Continued from page 404.)

HEBREW POETRY.

It is true that it was not within the inspired commission of Solomon (at least the Proverbs give us no proof of it) to inculcate the soul's immortality. On the contrary, his morality is founded solely on the rewards of virtue, and the stings and poisons of vice, during our present state of existence. But there is nothing inconsistent with the doctrine of immortality in this maxim, which he bids the young man "*bind upon his heart and tie round his neck:*" namely, that "*Wisdom is more precious than rubies, and that all the things that can be desired are not to be compared unto her; that length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour; that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.*"

After Solomon's death the kingdom was immediately divided. The frightfully despotic answer of his son Rehoboam to the people, who, having assembled in the free spirit of the Mosaic constitution, demanded if he meant to rule them with moderation, cancelled the allegiance of the whole nation*, with the exception of the powerful tribe of Judah, and the weak and adjacent one of Benjamin. Jeroboam, who had given some disturbance to the kingdom even in the former reign, now returned from exile, and was set at the head of the ten revolted tribes; so that the history of the Hebrews is from this period divided into that of Judah and Israel. The sovereigns of the latter kingdom, a considerable time after the revolt, established their capital at Samaria; and hence the term Samaritan was ultimately applied both to the people and their

language. Rehoboam was thus left with a remnant of the Hebrews, inferior to the population he had lost; but the possession of Jerusalem, hallowed as it was by so many religious associations, gave him an advantage which the folly of his rival Jeroboam turned to double account. When the feast of the tabernacle approached, the tribes who had shaken off the yoke of the son of Solomon, could not forget that Zion still contained the ark and the temple; and Jeroboam, fearful of his subjects visiting the sacred city, established idolatry throughout his dominions. The consequence was, that the priests and Levites of Israel, whose honour and interests were thus vitally wounded, went back in a body from their scattered habitations to Rehoboam, and were followed by all the faithful friends of the true religion†; so that Judah was strengthened into a power which eventually survived the existence of the Samaritan monarchy.

From the time of the Hebrews being thus rent into two kingdoms, until that of the ten tribes being carried into captivity by Shalmaneser, a period of between two and three hundred years, Judah and Israel, menaced and invaded as they were by formidable enemies, had seldom the policy to abstain from sanguinary contests with each other. Meanwhile, their perpetual proneness to idolatry called forth in both nations the loud and reiterated remonstrances of their prophets. Jerusalem, though on the whole less idolatrously inclined than the rival capital Samaria, had also her apostate sovereigns; and even under those Jewish kings, who "*did that which was right in the eyes of the Lord,*" we read of high places, that is, heathen altars, being suffered to remain, "*for there the people offered sacrifice and burnt incense to idols.*"† But in Israel the spirit of prophecy was called upon to be peculiarly

active and bold, as it had to maintain a struggle against Paganism, among a people where the Mosaic religion was bereft of its hereditary hierarchy, and of all the advantages resulting from a solemn national temple. Accordingly we read, in the annals of Israel, of numerous and devoted prophetic bands, encountering the fate and displaying the heroism of martyrs—of their being slaughtered by merciless pursuers, or fed in deserts and caverns by the pious and charitable.* There stood forth Elijah, to confront the priests of Baal, and to pronounce sentence on the tyrant Ahab, "that the dogs should lick up his blood." Elisha also, on whom Elijah's mantle descended, was a prophet of Israel. But it appears, that those inspired individuals were not limited in their mission to the one kingdom or the other, by their being its native inhabitants; for when the Jewish king Jehoram raised high places on the mountains of Judah, the prophecy of his destruction arrived to him from Elijah, who was of Gilead in Israel.† Amos, who was a native of Tekoah, a city visible in a clear day from Jerusalem, prophesied against the corruptions of the court of Samaria; and Micah declares that he spoke alike to Israel and to Judah.

For an hundred and fifty years after Solomon's death, during nine reigns in Judah and ten in Israel, we have historical notices of many prophets, whose oracles were never embodied into distinct collections. The series of the prophetic books of the Old Testament begins, in point of chronology, with Jonah, about eight hundred years before Christ, and concludes with Malachi, nearly four hundred years later. At the commencement of this historical space, Uziah reigned in Jerusalem, and Jeroboam the Second in Samaria. The abilities of both of those sovereigns threw some lustre over

* 2 Chronicles, ch. x. 14, 15, 16.

* 2 Chron. chap. xi. vs. 13, 14, 15, 16.

† 1 Kings, chap. xxii. v. 23.

* 1 Kings, chap. xviii. v. 4.

† 2 Chron. chap. xxi. v. 12.

their contemporary annals. Uzziah promoted the agricultural as well as the military habits and skill of his people, and Jeroboam was a considerable conqueror. But nothing was done to bring the two nations together by the bond of their ancient religion and Hebrew patriotism, and their prosperity was more in show than in substance. The idolatrous Jeroboam's reign was, according to the prophet Amos, one of those periods of luxury, pride, and misnamed prosperity, "that see the rich man's joys increase the poor's decay:" for he declares that "*the righteous were sold for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes.*" At the death of Jeroboam, the hollow semblance of Israel's strength gave way to misrule and degradation; and Pekah, one of the violent successors to the Samaritan throne, allied himself with Rezin, king of the Syrians, for the purpose of extirpating the state of Judah. On this, Ahaz, the successor of Uzziah, threw himself with desperate impolicy on the protection of the Assyrians, who made an easy conquest of Syria, and thus brought their inundating empire into fearful vicinity both with Israel and Judah. Samaria soon fell, and the ten tribes were dragged into captivity by Shalmaneser. The Jewish monarchy, to all appearance, would have speedily shared the same fate, if the wisdom and piety of Hezekiah had not preserved it. But he defied the king of Assyria, and "*served him not*;" he "*smote the Philistines even unto Gaza*;" he brought back the national worship to its ancient splendour and purity; and before the final calamity of the sister nation, he endeavoured to establish with her a religious connexion, which, if earlier adopted, might have protracted the independence of the Hebrew name. Hezekiah invited all Israel to celebrate the feast of the Passover at Jerusalem, not as a mark of submission to him, but as a gratification to themselves. Three of the tribes, as Josephus informs us, accepted the invitation, and Zion saw, when it was too late, in the setting gleam of her welfare, the affecting spectacle of Jews and Samaritans meeting like brothers before the temple, and forgetting the antipathy of generations, in homage to the God of their fathers.

It is necessary to recollect those

facts, in order to take an historical interest in the earlier part of Hebrew prophecy.

The chronological order of the prophets may, for the most part, be ascertained from internal testimony; but the dates of one or two of them are involved in considerable obscurity. Without entering into special arguments on this subject, I shall venture to class them in the following successive groups: Jonah, Amos, Hosea, Micah and Isaiah, fill up an historical space from the reigns of Uzziah in Judah, and of Jeroboam the Second in Israel, down to the earlier part of Hezekiah's reign in the former kingdom. Next came Nahum, Joel and Habakkuk, the first of whom appears* to have prophesied soon after the captivity of the ten tribes, probably in the latter years of Hezekiah. Joel may be assigned to the reign of Manasseh, when the clouds of danger were thickening over Jerusalem; and as Habakkuk speaks of the Chaldeans, he may be supposed to have prophesied after the capture of Nineveh, when the storm of Judah's destruction was impending still nearer.

Obadiah, Zephaniah and Jeremiah, were almost contemporary witnesses of the destruction of Jerusalem—the last of them composed his elegies amidst its ruins.

Ezekiel spoke his oracles in exile upon the shores of the Chaboras, and Daniel was educated at the Chaldean court.

Haggai, Zachariah and Malachi, belong to the last period of Hebrew literature, after the return of the Jews from their Babylonish captivity.

The book of Jonah is entirely prosaic recital, except a few verses of prayer in the second chapter.

The simple Amos interests the heart by his fellow-feeling for the poor and oppressed, and his hatred of tyrannical opulence; whilst he pleases the fancy by the rural wildness of his imagery, and impresses the memory by a circumstantial distinctness in his graphic touches. When he describes the danger of Israel, for instance, by saying that it shall be "*as if a man did flee from a lion and met a bear, or went into a house and leant his hand upon the wall and a serpent did sting him,*"

the mind needs but one perusal of such a passage to feel and retain it. He was a shepherd in Judah, who, uneducated in any school of prophecy, boldly ventured into Israel, and rebuked the corruptions of her state under the haughty Jeroboam the Second. His truths naturally offended the high-priest of Bethel, Amaziah, who told the king that *the Lord could not bear Amos' words*, and the prophet was accordingly dismissed back to his native country.

The patriotic Hosea is remarkable for confining his predictions to the destiny of the Hebrews, without interfering with the politics of other nations. His style is concise, but abrupt, and he is obscure in the perspective arrangement of the blessings and calamities which he portrays. It is usual for Hebrew prophecy to open with threats, to proceed to promises, and to conclude with anticipations of triumph to the people of God. In this climax Micah is peculiarly grand and graceful. The commencement and close of his book are almost dramatically impressive. He calls upon the inhabitants of the earth—he appeals to God himself to bear witness against them. He wraps himself up in denunciations upon Israel—he lightens the gloom by a picture of the overthrow of her enemies, and he dispels it by an affecting prayer to Omnipotence—"Who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgressions of the remnant of his heritage? He retaineth not his anger forever, because he delighteth in mercy. * * * He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us—he will subdue our iniquities, and cast our sins into the depths of the sea."

The highest rank in Hebrew poetry is, by universal consent, assigned to Isaiah. He received the gift of divination in the last year of Uzziah, king of Judah*, and surviving the reigns of Jotham and Ahaz, lived to be the friend and counsellor of Hezekiah. On that reviving age of Hebrew patriotism he seems to have impressed the stamp of his own character; and, uncertain as his personal history is, it may be confidently assumed that the Jews were indebted for no small

* Nahum, chap. ii. v. 2.

* Isaiah, ch. vi. v. 1.

share of the zeal which they displayed in their struggle against Sennacherib to the inspiring influence of his genius. I speak of his poetry on the assumption that the book is entirely his which bears his name; and, collectively viewed, it forms the greatest tablet both of awfully solemn and of joyfully beautiful conceptions, ever exhibited in poetic prediction. In parts of the scene we behold the calamities impending over Judah; but a far larger portion is occupied by the desolation of her proud enemies, and the downfall of their thrones and cities. The Assyrian king is laid low. "*Hell itself is moved from beneath to meet him—it stireth up the dead at his coming,*" and the spectred monarchs of all the nations rise from their shadowy thrones to salute and reproach him. "*Art thou also become weak as we? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave. How art thou fallen from Heaven, O Lucifer, son of the Morning!*" In brilliant distance beyond the gloom, Immanuel's kingdom is presented to our conceptions, where *the sun shall no more go down, neither shall the moon withdraw itself, and where we imagine the hallelujah of rapture to arise. "Sing, O ye Heavens, for the Lord hath done it! Shout, ye lower parts of the Earth! Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forests, every tree therein, for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel."*

Isaiah is far from surpassing all the Hebrew poets in individual passages; but in his fulness, force, majesty and propriety, he comprehends more excellencies of the poetical character than any one of them. Joel may be deemed to surpass him in concinnity; and both Joel and Habakkuk are, at moments, more sublime. But their compositions are much shorter than his, and give us not the same conception of copious and unwearied inspiration. Isaiah's genius goes further on an even wing, and burns longer with an unwavering fire. When he has merely to narrate, his language has the utmost plainness, and his expositions are remarkably clear, considering the nature of oracular poetry. He unites the same simplicity with his rich and high visionary scenes, which are neither meagre like Jeremiah's, nor ambitiously overwrought and

complex like Ezekiel's. A deliberate air, a divine self-possession, turns the very scorn and wrath of his spirit into movements of grace and beauty. And scornful he is even to bitterness, whether he reprobates idolatry, or mocks the wretched policy of his countrymen, in trusting to Egyptian alliance rather than to their God and their patriotism. Nor does any prophet scatter the predictions of vengeance that shall overtake the he then over so large a compass. But his intense zeal never ruffles his majestic manner. Even when rapt into the beatitude of the golden age, he retains a tranquil command of his own inspiration, and with a painter's eye in prophecy, minutely tracing circumstance after circumstance, sets futurity before us like a present scene—"The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the felling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed, their young ones shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the adder's den."

The Book of Nahum contains a spirited prediction of the siege of Nineveh, and he is ranked among the most classically poetical of the minor prophets. Joel's few but precious relics are also highly finished and flowing, and abound in sweet and elevated touches. It is he who has so briefly and beautifully described the plague of locusts, "*Before them the land is as the garden of Eden, and behind them is a desolate wilderness*" The composer of the Revelations has borrowed many images from Joel, as well as from Ezekiel, and when he speaks of the locusts, the wine-press of destruction, the sickle applied to the full ear of the harvest, and of the darkening of the sun and stars, evidently reminds us of Joel. Habakkuk's tone of prophecy accords with the probability of his having lived very near the crisis of Jewish calamities. His warning is like the sound of an alarm-bell at dead of night; yet he is not without a magnanimous and pious confidence, and his third chapter has been justly distinguished by Dr. Lowth, as a model of lyrical sublimity.

Far different was the effect of his country's sufferings on the tender mind of Jeremiah. His genius seems to bend, and his voice to falter, under the burden of prophecy; and though sometimes pleasingly affecting, he generally prolongs the accents of grief to monotony, and seldom avoids tautology, or reaches compression except when he bridges the predictions of other prophets. Jeremiah appeared early in life as a prophet, and continued to prophesy for fifty years. A strenuous opposer in Jewish politics of his countrymen's alliance with the Egyptians, he constantly foreboded their destruction from the Chaldean arms, for which he was rewarded with persecution, imprisonment and chains. When Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem, he respected the prophet's sacred character, and, whilst he dictated their place of exile to others, allowed Jeremiah to choose where he should reside. Honours and emoluments would have awaited him at Babylon; but even the ashes of Jerusalem were dearer to him than the splendours of a victor's court, and he preferred remaining among the ruins of his country. Fresh oppressions, however, robbed him at length even of that melancholy consolation, and he was forced to fly into Egypt, where, it is probable, he ended his days.

From this period commenced the decline of the Hebrew language, and its mixture with Chaldaic. It has no other subsequent great poet but Ezekiel, and even his grandeur is not of the simplest and purest character. We are told indeed by Dr. Lowth, that "Ezekiel is not excelled by Isaiah himself in sublimity—that he employs frequent repetitions only from the vehemence of his passion and indignation." But with the utmost respect for Dr. Lowth's general authority, I subscribe to the very opposite opinion of Michaelis, that "Ezekiel displays more luxuriance in amplifying and decorating his subject, than is consistent with true poetical fervour." It must be owned, however, that his fancy is daring and ingenious. Compare the vision of Isaiah's inauguration with that of Ezekiel in his tenth chapter, and how luminously and distinctly shall we be struck with the former picture, which the mind embraces at a single glance.

In Ezekiel, on the contrary, we are lost in objects that stun and dazzle the imagination. He is still, however, a powerful though elaborate poet, and his fancy and ingenuity are inexhaustible.

Daniel, educated under a foreign clime, and even writing partly in Chaldaic, departs still farther from the old simplicity of Hebrew taste, in his perpetual visionary and angelic machinery.

Haggai was the first of the prophets who comforted the Jews after their return from captivity, and Malachi was the last. In both of them the spirit of poetry manifestly declines, as the reign of divination draws towards its conclusion—when the words were destined to be fulfilled to Judah, *That the sun should go down upon her prophets, and that there shall be night unto her so that she should have no visions.*

*Burlesque imitation of Southey's
"Vision of Judgment."*

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

LETTER FROM * * * * *

*Inclosing Hymn to Ch. North, Esq.**

SIR—I look upon it to be the duty of every liege poet of these realms, such as I flatter myself I am, to follow in the eternal campaign of poetry his anointed king, with as much devotion as in old times the feudal retainers followed their barons bold to the wars. He must be obtuse indeed, who does not perceive that the poetical monarch of merry England is the poet Laureate, and to him our allegiance is due. Now, Sir, Dr. Southey has lately made an incursion into the ancient territory of the hexameter, and in so doing, has quitted himself as a man. It, therefore, is manifest that we, who are his subjects, should instantly march after him, to show our obedience. The instant I read his "Vision of Judgment," I was determined to do so—and, after long pondering on a subject fit for my muse, I decided on one, which, whatever may be thought of the execution, must be allowed to be one of the fittest subjects for poetry. I prepared myself for my task, in the manner narrated in the hymn (l. 12-47.) Until I got warm, I had no notion I could go on so well, but by the time I came to the conclusion, I waxed so valiant as to throw out the challenge (l. 161.) to the Laureate himself. I do not repent it, bold as it may seem, but I hope it will not appear a kind of petty treason: I wish you would lay the case before Mr. Jeffrey before you print the poem. I shall not detain you any longer, but remain,

Sir, your humble servant.

* EDITOR.

HYMN TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQUIRE.

Contents, Exordium.—Immense merits of the hero.—in ocean and continent not to be found in Pinkerton, or Malte Brun.—Agreement with Miss Holford with respect to the Muses.—Agreement also with an ancient Comic.—Source of Inspiration.—Allusion to lord Byron, and a learned Theban.—Beautiful picture of a murmuring streamlet.—Mr. Wodsworth.—Picturesque description of a grove on the banks of the Tagus.—Benefit derived from the slave trade in Jamaica.—Cheering account of the internal state of France.

An operation of high moment detains the auditory.—Chemistry.—Sir Humphry Davy.—Ulysses.—Polphemus.—Homer.—Inishowen.—Hymn resumed.—Hero applauded to the disparagement of other persons.—Consternation of Baldwin and Co.—Vain attempt of Sir Pithagoras to rally Buonaparte.—Small value of the beasts of a certain ancient concern.—High compliment to Mr. Campbell.—Small do. to Dr. Polidori.—General massacre of the other Magazines.—Mr. Nicholas saved and applauded.—Compared with the hero.—Catalogue of heroes in the manner of Homer.—[In catalogue a compliment to the Times.]—Hero compared to Agamemnon.—Preferred to the son of Atreus for his more complete manner of doing business.—King of Dahomey.—Awe-stricken men.—Woe to the Whigs.—Reform of the toady-drinkers.—What work now patronized by very old women.—A knight of the Hog-tie makes his appearance.—Amadis of Gaul.—Don Belianis of Greece.—Hector of Troy.—Tom Crib of England.

Cause of Speed.—Various panegyrics on the Hero.—Geographical description of England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, United States, Upper and Lower Canada, West Indies, Hindostan, Australasia.—Patriotic Behaviour of the friends of the Scotsman Newspaper.—Catalogue of rivers in imitation of the Fairy Queen.—I, off up for land.—End as beginning.

L'Envoi. Appeal to the Universe.—Difference between the God of Homer, and the God of Cockaigne.—A challenge to Dr. Southey.—Bet of a rump and dozen.—Conclusion.

HAIL TO THEE, PRIDE OF THE NORTH.

HAIL, CHRISTOPHER, STAR OF EDINA!
Who from thy hill-seated throne, in thine own most romantic cities,
Shew'ing, with liberal hand, spread'st jollity all through the nations.
How shall I speak thy renown? how utter the half of thy praises?
Had I an ocean of ink, and a continent made into paper,
Yet would the ocean be drained, and the continent scribbled all over,
Ere I had told thy fame, thou wonderful worthy of Scotland!

I'll not invoke you for help, fair maids of Paruassian mountain—

No, I despise ye, my girls, in the manner of pretty Miss Holford; (1)
For I agree with the thought of that worthy Cratinus, (2)

Who swore none ever throve on the wish-washy draughts of the muses.
Ho! my boy, step to the corner and fetch me a sneaker of brandy;
Drinkers of water avaunt! I care not a fig for your preaching:

I shall get drunk as a lord, and then follow on with my poem,
Drunk as a lord I shall get, as drunk as his lordship of Byron, (3)

When he sat boozing in Thebes with the sixbottle Solymán Pacha.
Where is the water to mix? The water that once in the streamlet,
Murmuring sung o'er the pebbles, now sings its low song in the kettle,
(Which Mr. Wodsworth and I hold in supreme veneration). (4)

Here are the lemons at hand, which all on the banks of the Tagus,
Grew in a beautiful grove, shedding round it their delicate perfume—
There by the light of the moon a poetical lover might wander,
Chanting a sweet canzonet to the honour of Donna Maria

(Little he thought that the fruit, which there was hanging above him,
Would be sent over the sea to inspire so famous a poet).

Here is the sugar beside, which the hands of the sooterkin negro
Reared for the sake of my punch in the island of sweaty Jamaica

Then there's the stinging its sweet-smelling, balmy, delicious,
Drink that is fit for the gods, or the heavenly writers of Blackwood!

Gay were the Frenchmen who made it in Nantz, an illustrious city,
Merry they sung at their work, when they gathered the grapes in the vineyard,
Merry they sung at their work, when they trampled them down in the wine-vat,
Merry they sung at their work, when forth came the brandy distilling;
Merrily I too shall sing when I swallow the fruit of their labours.

Stop for a moment, ye crowds, who list to my hymn in amazement,
First till I mingle my punch, and then for awhile till I drink it.

Now that I've tempered the stuff in a most scientific manner,
Showing a chemical skill, that even Sir Humphry might envy,
I shall proceed with the task of discussing a dozen of twablers.

Glorious, sublime is the draught! The wine that the crafty Ulysses (5)

Gave with a deadly intent to monoptical Squire Polyphemus,
Though it belonged to a priest, and priests know the smack of good liquor,

Though it is praised as divine by that honest old wine-bibber Homer, (6)
Though it sent forth such a scent as fairly perfumed the apartment, (7)

Though it required to be mixt with almost two dozen of waters,
 Never was better than this, which I at this moment am drinking.
 Once on a time, it is true, I came across liquor superior,
 Swallowing a lot of potsheen in the hills about far Inishowen. (8)
 Well then, the business is done. A glorious poetical fury
 Seizes my soul on the spot; I'll keep you no longer a-waiting:
 Hail to thee, pride of the North, hail, Christopher, star of Edina!
 Thou art the lad of the lads, who handle the pen of the writer: (9)
 None dare withstand thy award—none dare dispute thy dominion.
 Sweet is the smile in thy joy, and dread is thy frown when in anger.
 Whom shall I equal to thee, thou chief of all Magazines?
 Look round, merry men all, and see the rest are but asses,
 If they be named in a day with thee, DESTROYER OF DUNCES!
 Joyless is poor Mr. Joy, confounded are Baldwin and Cradock,
 When they reflect on thy strength, and think of their own petty yelpers,
 Janus can't show any face, and Lamb is led off to the slaughter.
 Sad is the sapient heart of Sir Dick, the devourer of cabbage,
 Vainly he calls to the fight old Capel Loft, and Napoleon. (10)
 Constable trembles in soul, when he finds he has none to oppose thee
 Save a collection of beasts not worth a penny a dozen.
 Campbell himself, the sweet, the beautiful poet of Gertrude,
 Shrinks at the sound of thy name, and turning away from H. Colburn,
 Wishes he'd left the concern to Jack Polidori the Vampire.
 Why should I mention the rest? unheard of perish the cattle!
 But as I go along, I gladly pay thee a tribute,
 Eldest of all Magazines, the Gentleman's, properly so called.
 Pleasant art thou to read, ay, pleasant even in quaintness—
 Long may thy Editor live, long live, and scatter around him
 Tales of the days of old, and sentiments honest and loyal.
 (Christophers's nearly as old, he being sexagenarian;
 Never arise there a row 'twixt these two worshipful elders).
 Hail to thee, pride of the North! hail Christopher, star of Edina!
 Great is thy strength, O Kit, and valiant thy men are in battle.
 Wattle, the laird of that ilk, who wrote of the crazy-pate banker,
 Delta, triangular bard, both Hugh and Malachi Mullion,
 Scott—Jamie Scott—Doctor Scott, the poetic uprooter of Grinders;

Timothy Tickler so brave, and the couple of grave-looking Germans,
 He that's as great as a host, O'Doherty, knight of the standard,
 Seward and Buller from Isis, and Hogg the shepherd of Ettrick,
 Cicero Dowden from Cork, Tom Jennings the poet of Soda, (12)
 Petre of Trinity, Dublin—O'Fogarty, dwelling in Blarney;
 Gruff-looking Z is there wet with the blood of the Cockneys,
 So is the ancient Sage, whom the men of Chaldea delight in.
 How can I sum them all? Go count the sands of the ocean.
 Number the lies of the Times, or reckon the motes of the sunbeam,
 Num'rous as they are the bands, who drew the goose-quill for Maga.
 Over them all is North, as great as king Agamemnon,
 When he led forward his Greeks to the sacred city of Priam.
 Surely as Pergamus fell by Pelasgian valour and fury,
 So shall his enemies fall, if once they do battle against him.
 Only the hosts of the king were ten years doing the business,
 While he in slaughtering his foes scarce spends ten minutes about it.
 Hail to thee, pride of the North! hail, Christopher, star of Edina!
 Many a man has been slain by thy trenchant and truculent falchion.
 Thou, if thou wouldst, could build a hall like the kings of Dahomey,
 All of the skulls of the dead, on whom thy sword has descended;
 Wonder not then if thy name is heard by many with terror.
 Pale is the cheek of Leigh Hunt, and pale is the Anti-Malthusian;
 Hazlitt I own is not pale, because of his rubicund swandrops,
 But he is sick in his soul at the visage of Georgy Buchanan: (13)
 Webb is a trifle afraid, the heavy-horse lieutenant shaketh,
 Grim is the sage-looking phiz of the bacon-fly Maevey Neperus;
 Joy does not reign in the soul of sweet Missy Spence, and the Bagman,
 Nor of some hundred beside, whose names 'twould tire me to mention,
 When they are told ev'ry month, lo! terrible Christopher cometh!
 Thou hast for ever put down the rascally Whig population:
 Muzzled by thee is the mouth of Jeffrey's oracular journal;
 Onion and onionet there have suffered a vast degradation. (14)
 Nobody minds them now, not even the drinkers of toddy, (15)
 Who in the days of old, in garrets loftily seated,
 Thought it a wonderful feat to be able to read through its pages:
 Nobody minds them now, save awfully ancient old women.

But I should never be done, did I tell even half of thy slaughters.
 Amadis, hero of Gaul, nor the Grecian Don Belianis,
 Hector the champion of Troy, or Cribb the champion of England,
 Floor'd never have such a lot as thou in the days of thine anger.
 Though I have much to say, I shall soon bring my song to an ending,
 Almost out is my candle, my punch is out altogether.
 Hail to thee, pride of the North! hail, Christopher, star of Edina!
 Joyous am I, when I read thy soul-enlivening pages,
 Cramm'd with delicious prose, and verses full as delicious;
 Whether thy theme be grave, sublime, abstruse, or pathetic,
 Merry, jocose, or slang, quiz, humbug, gay or satiric,
 Equally thou in all soar'st over the rest of creation.
 Still are thy efforts devote to the honour and glory of Britain:
 Then be thou read where'er the language of Britain is heard of,
 Through merry England herself, the much honoured land of the mighty,
 Over the kingdom of Scotland, north and south, highland and lowland,
 Over the hills and dales of Cambria, region delightful,
 And in the green-mantled island of Erin, the land of potato.
 Then thou shalt cross the sea to the Yankee dominion of Monroe, (16)
 On to the regions of Canada, snow-covered, upper and lower.
 Southward away to the islands discover'd by Christopher Colon,
 Which the blundering name of the Western Indies delight in.
 Off to the East thou fliest to the realms of the marquis of Hastings, (17)
 Where the wild natives of Ind regard thee with much veneration,
 Placing thee there with the gods, next after Brama and Seeva.
 Thence to the Austral land, where fly the friends of the Scotsman,
 Leaving their native soil, at the nod of judge or recorder,
 Like patriotic folks, all for the good of their country.
 There thou art somewhat read by the honest Botany Bayers,
 Who at the ends of the earth live under the sway of Macquarie; (18)
 Severn, and Trent, and Thames, Forth, Tweed, and Teviot, and Leven,
 Dovey, and Fowey, and Neath, Lee, Liffy, Slaney, and Shannon,
 Lawrence, Potowmac, Missouri, Indus, and Ganges, and Oxley,
 Wander through countries possessed by jolly-faced readers of Blackwood.
 Thus have I sail'd round the earth, like captain Cook or Vancouver,
 Here then I luff to the land, and haul in my belling canvas,

Ending my elegant hymn with the self-same line that began it,

MAIL TO THREE, PRIDE OF THE NORTH,
HAIL, CHRISTOPHER, STAR OF EDINA!

L'ENVOY.

Nations of earth! who have heard my hymn so gloriously chaunted,

Answer, as honest men, did you ever hear any thing like it?

Never! I swear, by the God, whom Homer calls *Argyrotokos*,

And whom the bards of Cockaigne address by the name of *Appollor*!

Come, and contend, if you dare, great laurel-crown'd bard of Kehama!

Come and contend, if you dare, in the metre of *Pactyle* and *Spondée*!

That I should beat you in song, I bet you a rump and a dozen,

A rump and a dozen I bet—and there is an end of the matter.

(1.) "Wake not for me ye maids of Helicon," quote Miss Holford. I am more polite; for I call them "*fair* maids."

(2.) *Rileo si credis*, &c.—(3.) Lord Byron commemorates this adventure in a note on one of his poems, *Childe Harold*, I believe.—(4.) "The kettle singing its low undersong," W. W. also.

"A fig for your languages, German and Norse, &c." (5.) Od. IX. l. 221 &c. I give Cowper's translation as the most literal I can find, though it does not do any thing like justice to the raciness of the original.

"I went; but not without a goatskin filled

With richest wine, from Maron erst received;

The offspring of *Evanthos*, and the priest Of *Phœbus*, whom in *Ismarus* I saved,

And with himself, his children, and his wife,

Through reverence of *Apollo*: for he dwelt Amid the laurel sacred to his God,

He gave me, therefore, noble gifts; from him

Seven talents I received of beaten gold: A beaker, urgent all, and after these,

No fewer than twelve jars, with wine replete,

Rich unadulterate, drink for gods—nor knew

One servant, male or female, of that wine In all his house, none knew it, save himself,

His wife, and the intendant of his stores; Oft as they drank that luscious juice, he slaked

A single cup with twenty from the stream; And even then the beaker breathed abroad

A scent celestial, which, whoever smelt, Henceforth no pleasure found it to abstain.

(6.) *Vinosus Homerus*. He deserves the title. None but a wine-bibber could have so joyously described the wine as

ἄδων ἀναγαστὶς, θεῖον ποτὶν.—(7.) *Ὀδὸν Ἰσθμίου ἀπὸ ἀγροῦτος ἰσθμίου ὀστρακίου*, which is very flatly rendered by Cowper. If I mis-

take not, the landlord in the beginning of the *Antiquary*, panegyricizes his claret in the same manner, which I throw out as a hint to the future collector of parallel passages, such as Mr. C. Metellus and Mr. Watts.—(8.) With general Hart.—(9.) A Chaldean phrase. See

Chal. MS.—(10.) Sir Richard's contributors. Vid. Hour's *Tete-a-Tete* with the public. Indeed that admirable work should be carefully studied by those who wish duly to appreciate my hymn.—

(11.) Vid. Chal. MS. again.—(12.) See No. 38. Luctus over Sir D. D. He is there called *Demosthenes Dowden*, but I could not get *Demosthenes* to scan. I therefore substituted *Cicero*, which I hope Mr. Dowden will be satisfied with.

—(13.) He, it appears, does not agree with an elegant, and judicious poet of the *Literary Gazette*, who sings concerning the cover of the Magazine;

On that calm mild face I doat,
Which is on thy back impressed.

(14.) Again to the Hour's *Tete-a-Tete*.—(15.) *Ibid.*—(16.) We are not over popular among the Yankees, but Monroe, who is a man of gumption, spoke rather civilly of us in his last message to the Senate. It is a good omen, that America will not long be altogether so barbarous as Tommy Moore represents her. C. N.—(17.) Marquis of Hastings, and (18.) Governor Macquarie—two particular friends and contributors of ours. C. N.

P. S. I hope a sense of modesty will not hinder you from printing this hymn of mine.*

P. S. Concerning the scansion of the hymn, it was my intention to have dissertated somewhat, but I fear I should trespass too much on your pages. Send it over to professor Dunbar, and he will settle the matter for you in a minute. He can apply his new canon of Homeric poetry to it, and if that will not make it scan, nothing that I know of, will. For instance, see l. 99. *Thōu, if thōu, &c.* which he could account for on the same principles as he does *agē agē*, and all other lines in an equally luminous manner. Give me, however, a verse mouth to read my poetry, and I despise all the gew-gaw work of the prosodians. Indeed, I think the rule of the learned *Merlinus Cocaus*, or *Macaronicus*, might be well transferred to English Hexameter—"Denique sicut *Virgilius*, ac ceteri vates in arte poetica potuerunt alterari syllabas auctoritate sua, verbi gratia *Reliquias, ita Macaronicus poeta non minus hanc auctoritatem possidet circa scientiam, et doctrinam propriam*,"—it being a mighty convenient regulation, and tending to save much trouble.

P. S. There is not a figure of rhetoric from Metaphor or Apostrophe, down to

* We never have any objection to print truth; or course we publish this hymn.—C. N.

Paragoge or Anadiplosis, which the learned will not find in my poem. I have not time to enlarge on the subject, but I cannot help throwing out a hint to the ingenious.

CAPTAIN PARRY'S JOURNAL,

AND THE

NORTH GEORGIA GAZETTE.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

Though we so very briefly announced this publication last week, we have not much to add to our notice. The work is precisely what we have heard Capt. Parry defined it to be; namely, "*A Dry Journal—a bettermost Log book*;" and all the leading facts having previously crept into notoriety, there is really nothing of a popular sort to be extracted from this bulky tome. The appendix, however, is a valuable collection of scientific observation; and would alone entitle the volume to a place in great libraries. Indeed it ought to have been eligible to all libraries, but the enormous expence of such books amounts to a prohibition upon their sale. A man in the middle rank of life, of decent fortune, say from 600*l.* to 1000*l.* per annum, even though devoted to literature, cannot afford to purchase in the course of the year more than eight or ten of these extravagant quartos; for even so many would amount to an income tax of some ten per cent.; and of all publications, those which ought most distinctly to be removed from the reproach of heavy prices, are surely such as the present—an account of an expedition paid for by the nation. P. oft upon a thing of the kind ought never to be contemplated. Captain Parry's reward ought to have been found in his promotion, and the parliamentary grant for his services, and not in a joint levy in the book market. On the contrary, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, under whose authority the Journal appears, should have given the readers of England as cheap a history of the discoveries made with public money, and in as popular a form, as the necessary cost of printing and construction of tables, &c. would permit.

Perhaps these remarks, though they may be unpalatable to the parties, will prevent a repetition of this error; and the diffusion of information on similar occasions hereafter will be deemed a clearer duty

P. S. There is not a figure of rhetoric from Metaphor or Apostrophe, down to

* We never have any objection to print truth; or course we publish this hymn.—C. N.

(6.) *Vinosus Homerus*. He deserves the title. None but a wine-bibber could have so joyously described the wine as

ἄδων ἀναγαστὶς, θεῖον ποτὶν.—(7.) *Ὀδὸν Ἰσθμίου ἀπὸ ἀγροῦτος ἰσθμίου ὀστρακίου*, which is very flatly rendered by Cowper. If I mis-

than the putting of a few hundreds into private pockets, and defrauding the country of the intelligence to which it has a just right and title. In this hope, we take leave of the disagreeable subject.

To the excellent manner in which Capt. Parry has executed his literary task, it is with much pleasure we can bear testimony. His narrative is candid and perspicuous; and though he apologizes for writing like a sailor, we can only observe that we should be very glad to see no small number of our literati acquire the same style. If we should object to any part of his gentleman-like mode of description, it would be to the excessive lavish of compliments on giving names to remarkable points, bays, mountains, islands, &c. There is somewhat too much of this; but it is a very pardonable weakness, and very much countenanced by the fashion of writers in all times, not excluding the present era. The unassuming manner in which he states the measures adopted to preserve the health of his men, is infinitely more to his honour; and it is gratifying to record that his exertions, so well-judged as well as indefatigable, were signally crowned by the welfare of those intrusted to his care. No officer ever merited a higher praise than Capt. Parry on this important branch of duty.* Indeed their commander took a paternal care of them all.

The author relates the circumstances attending the sailors who lost their way; and the following particulars on the effect of the frost are interesting:

"The effect which exposure to severe frost has, in benumbing the mental as well as the corporeal faculties, was very striking in this man, as well as in two of the young gentlemen who returned after dark, and of whom we were anxious to make enquiries respecting Pearson. When I sent for them into my cabin, they looked wild, spoke thick and indistinctly, and it was impossible to draw from them a rational answer to any of our questions. After being on board for a short time, the mental faculties appeared gradually to return with the returning circu-

* Two men of the Hecla were flogged in February for drunkenness, being the first corporeal punishment for thirteen months.

lation, and it was not till then that a looker-on could easily persuade himself that they had not been drinking too freely. To those who have been much accustomed to cold countries this will be no new remark; but I cannot help thinking (and it is with this view that I speak of it,) that many a man may have been punished for intoxication, who was only suffering from the benumbing effects of frost; for I have more than once seen our people in a state so exactly resembling that of the most stupid intoxication, that I should certainly have charged them with that offence, had I not been quite sure that no possible means were afforded them on Melville Island, to procure any thing stronger than snow-water."

The following is also curious:

"We had frequent occasion, in our walks on shore, to remark the deception which takes place in estimating the distance and magnitude of objects, when viewed over an unvaried surface of snow. It was not uncommon for us to direct our steps towards what we took to be a large mass of stone, at the distance of half a mile from us, but which we were able to take up in our hands after one minute's walk. This was more particularly the case, when ascending the brow of a hill, nor did we find that the deception became less, on account of the frequency with which we experienced its effects.

"The distance at which sounds were heard in the open air, during the continuance of intense cold, was so great as constantly to afford matter of surprise to us, notwithstanding the frequency with which we had occasion to remark it. We have for instance, often heard people distinctly conversing, in a common tone of voice, at the distance of a mile; and to-day I heard a man singing to himself as he walked along the beach, at even a greater distance than this. Another circumstance also occurred to-day, which may perhaps be considered worthy of notice. Lieutenant Beechey, and Messrs. Beverley and Fisher, in the course of a walk which led them to a part of the harbour, about two miles directly to leeward of the ships, were surprised by suddenly perceiving a smell of smoke, so strong as even to impede their

breathing, till, by walking on a little farther, they got rid of it. This circumstance shows to what a distance the smoke from the ships was carried horizontally, owing to the difficulty with which it rises at a very low temperature of the atmosphere. The appearance which had often been taken for the loom of distant and much refracted land in the south and S.b.E., was again seen to-day, having the same abrupt termination at the latter bearing as before."

Upon this passage two remarks, of a different kind truly, occur to us: the first is to quote another proof of the Poet Thomson's accurate observation of nature. He also noticed the propagation of sound in frost:

Load rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects

A double noise;

And with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow sounding plain
Shakes from afar.*

The second, refers to the conclusion of the paragraph in which we find an almost complete justification of Captain Ross's view at the termination of his voyage. Had he only consulted his officers before he turned back, he would, we think, with this testimony to the ocular delusions of the region in which he was, have stood altogether *rectus in curia*, instead of having a degree of obloquy cast on his respected and gallant name.

Captain Parry, having availed himself largely of Mr. Fisher's Journal in the composition of his work, and our having made very copious extracts from the same source, render it the less necessary for us to go at length into the later publication, which merely relates the same circumstances, and very often in the same language. His concluding remarks may more properly be referred to, especially as the new Expedition is founded on the hypothesis they maintain. They are in substance favourable to the theory of the existence of a north-west passage into the Pacific. Captain Parry, for various reasons, expects to meet the most serious impediments midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; but having once passed that barrier, he is confident—

* See Thomson's Winter—which will be read with increased delight, after perusing the Journals of this Expedition.—Ed.

ly anticipates a more ready passage *into* the latter than *from* the former. He mentions the latitude of 69°, supposing that to be about the northern coast of the American Continent, as the most likely to afford the transit sought from sea to sea; and adds, "Our experience, I think, has clearly shown that the navigation of the Polar Seas can never be performed with any degree of certainty, without a continuity of land. It was only by watching the occasional openings between the ice and the shore, that our late progress to the westward was effected; and had the land continued in the desired direction, there can be no question that we should have continued to advance, ho never slowly, towards the completion of our enterprise. In this respect, therefore, as well as in the improvement to be expected in the climate, there would be a manifest advantage in making the attempt on the coast of America, where we are sure that the land will not fail us. The probability of obtaining occasional supplies of wood, game, and anti-scorbutic plants; the chance of being enabled to send information by means of the natives; and the comparative facility with which the lives of the people might be saved, in case of serious and irreparable accidents happening to the ships, are also important considerations, which naturally serve to recommend this route. Should the sea on the coast of America be found moderately deep, and shelving towards the shore, (which, from the geological character of the known parts of the continent to the south, and of the Georgian Islands to the north, there is reason to believe would be the case for a considerable distance to the westward,) the facility of navigation would be much increased, on account of the grounding of the heavy masses of ice in water sufficiently deep to allow the ships to take shelter behind them, at such times as the flocs close in upon the land. Farther to the westward, where the primitive formation, and perhaps even a continuation of the Rocky Mountains, is to be expected, a steep and precipitous shore would probably occur, a circumstance which the foregoing narrative has shown to be attended with much comparative uncertainty and risk.

"The question which naturally

arises, in the next place, relates to the most likely means of getting to the coast of America, so as to sail along its shores. It would, in this respect, be desirable to find an outlet from the Atlantic into the Polar Sea, as nearly as possible in the parallel of latitude in which the northern coast of America may be supposed to lie; as, however, we do not know of any such outlet from Eufin's Bay, about the parallels of 69 degrees to 70 degrees, the attempt is, perhaps, to be made with better chance of success in a still lower latitude, especially as there is a considerable portion of coast that may reasonably be supposed to offer the desired communication, which yet remains unexplored. Cumberland Strait, the passage called Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome, lying between Southampton Island and the coast of America, and Repulse Bay, appear to be the points most worthy of attention; and, considering the state of uncertainty in which the attempts of former navigators have left us, with regard to the extent and communication of these openings, one cannot but entertain a reasonable hope, that one, or perhaps each of them, may afford a practicable passage into the Polar Sea.

"So little indeed is known of the whole of the northern shore of Hudson's Strait, which appears, from the best information, to consist chiefly of islands, that the geography of that part of the world may be considered altogether undetermined; so that an Expedition which should be sent to examine those parts, would soon arrive upon ground never before visited, and in which, from an inspection of the map in its present state, there certainly does seem more than an equal chance of finding the desired passage. It must be admitted, however, that any notions we may form upon this question, amount after all to no more than conjecture. As far as regards the discovery of another outlet into the Polar Sea, to the southward of Sir James Lancaster's Sound, it is evident that the enterprise is to be begun again; and we should be cautious, therefore, in entertaining too sanguine a hope of finding such a passage, the existence of which is still nearly as uncertain as it was two hundred years ago, and which possibly may not exist at all."

From the Appendix, which, as we have said, is of much scientific value,* we copy one of the most striking passages. The following is a singular account of the man's hand who lost his fingers when the house on shore was burnt:

"His hands presented a strange appearance; they were perfectly hard, inflexible, colourless, possessing a degree of translucency, exhibiting more the external character of pieces of sculptured marble, than those of animated matter. They were immediately plunged into the cold bath, where they continued for upwards of two hours ere their flexibility was completely recovered; the abstraction of heat had been so great, that the water in contact with the fingers congealed upon them, even half an hour after they had been immersed. During the cold application, a considerable degree of reaction took place, attended by acute pain, from which the patient became so faint and exhausted as to necessitate his being conveyed to bed. In less than three hours, very active inflammation had supervened, extending high up the arm, and soon afterwards each hand, from the wrist downward, was enclosed in a bladder, containing upwards of a pint of viscid serous fluid. There were, however, three of the fingers of one hand, and two of the other, in which this vesication did not form; they continued cold, and perfectly insensible; and whilst arterial action was powerful, as far as the first joints of these fingers, the vessels of the extremities were in a perfect state of collapse. During the employment of antiphlogistic remedies to reduce the inflammatory symptoms, various stimuli were used ineffectually, to restore animation to the fingers; when the inflammation began to subside, a separation took place between the dead and the living parts, and eventually the amputation of them became necessary."

We have only to add, that there is a marked deficiency of natural history in this Journal; that the charts are admirable, and the plates indifferent.

* Fisher's thermometrical tables were very imperfect, owing to the want of the plus and minus signs, to show whether the index was above or below zero. This should be rectified.

North Georgia Gazette, and Winter Chronicle. 4to. pp. 132.

This is a collection of the MS. Newspapers with which our countrymen amused themselves during their long winter at Melville Island. They do not appear to us to be worth publication in so expensive a shape; but unquestionably the interest attached to the Arctic Expedition may be some apology for their appearance. That they did not do so before, and in a more consistent form, is partly our fault, and partly our misfortune. All the officers who contributed had of course the same right in the copy; and soon after the expedition returned, we had a file of these Gazettes lent to us, with permission to extract such articles as we thought would afford pleasure to the readers of the Literary Gazette. In a fit of extra politeness, we thought it would be a compliment to Captain Parry to mention our purpose to him, and obtain his sanction. To this we received the annexed letter,* and as we had committed ourselves by the request, we could not, as gentlemen, proceed any further. We accordingly cancelled what was printed for our forthcoming Number; and the readers of the polar newspaper must consequently exhibit their half-guinea for what in our pages would not have cost them half-a-crown.

The Newspapers of Melville Island were originally fairly written out in two columns of folio paper, by the ship's clerk, and thus, published to the reading population of the Hecla and Griper.

They commenced on Monday the 1st of November, and continued weekly till No. XXI. on the 20th of March.

The Journal begins with a brief Editorial preface, which is followed

* Captain Parry presents his compliments to the Editor of the Literary Gazette, and begs to acquaint him, in reply to his letter of yesterday, that the officers who contributed to the paper in question, have some time ago consented to allow the *whole* to be printed in one volume, to be at the disposal of the publisher, after a certain number of copies have been given to each of the contributors, and that they are now in the press.

Captain P., therefore, cannot but express a hope, in his own name, and that of the officers, that no extracts from it may be published in any other shape.

3, Downing Street Feb. 14th, 1821.

by a letter, in which the effect caused by the circulation of the prospectus is thus naively discussed—

"The interest which I take in your present plan has, however, enabled me to do more than speculate upon the probable support which your publication will receive at our hands; for you must know, that, soon after I met with your proposals, I took such a liking to them, that I immediately set to work to find out what effect they would have upon our community at large; and I have now much pleasure in assuring you, in the language of our London journals, 'that they have produced a great sensation in the public mind.'

"The very day after your Prospectus appeared, as my reporters inform me, there was a greater demand for ink than has been known during the whole voyage; the green baize of our mess tables has been ever since covered with innumerable pen-parings, to the great detriment, by the-by, of one of our servants, whose finger has been terribly festered by a prick he received in sweeping them off; and I have it from authority, on which you may rely, that Serjeant Martin* has, within the last week, sharpened no less than nine penknives.

"It has been remarked that our tables absolutely groan under the weight of writing desks, which for months past have not seen 'the blessed light;' and it is well known that the holds have been more than once opened of late, for the express, though not professed, purpose of getting up fresh packages of paper, originally intended for next year's consumption, but which is now destined to grace your file.

"One gentleman,* says my correspondent, 'more sly than the rest, thought he had eluded our vigilance; his chest lay in the hatchway to be opened, he took the opportunity, while he thought nobody was looking, to wrap some old clothes round the square package of paper, before he lifted it out. But as he was walking off with them into his cabin, I saw one of the corners of the tin box shining bright through an unfortunate hole in an old flannel waistcoat. When I taxed him with it, he coloured deeply, (strong symptoms, Mr. Editor!) and ran off, declaring most vehemently, that it was only a

* The serjeant of the Royal Artillery, who accompanied Captain Sabine.

canister of gingerbread nuts! 'Nuts, indeed, they were,' adds my facetious friend, 'nuts for the editor!'

"Nor is the information, of which I am in possession, confined simply to this; for I have pryed more deeply into the business, and have before me secret intelligence of no less than seven literary contributions in embryo, with which the brains of as many youthful compositors have been teeming ever since your Prospectus appeared. I could tell you, if I chose, to which department, among those you have enumerated, each of these belongs; but as I have no doubt that they will all appear in your pages in their proper time and place, I shall say no more about them.

"For my own part, Mr. Editor, such is the opinion I entertain of your plan, that I have resolved, unless you lay upon me an absolute prohibition, to make a copy of each paper while it is in circulation. For I confess, that I anticipate from your pages a fund of rational amusement, not only for the evenings of this our arctic winter, but for those of many a future one, which we all hope to spend happily in Old England; and I cannot help looking forward to the time when a paragraph of the *Winter Chronicle*, read aloud around some cheerful fire-side, may draw a tear of pride and pleasure from the eye of an aged parent, an affectionate wife, or a beloved sister. I remain, Mr. Editor,

"Your friend and well-wisher,

"PHILO COMUS."

The next letter contains hints on frost, which we only wish we had read previous to the severe weather in January.

"The travels of the renowned Baron Munchausen, which I recollect reading when a boy, furnish strong proofs of the very singular effects resulting from extreme cold; and as it seems probable we may have to encounter a greater severity of weather than even that illustrious personage experienced, I think any idea conducive to the general or individual good of our companions, should not be hoarded in selfish concealment, but liberally given to this little world.

"After the frost shall have exhausted all its usual efforts of fixing the brandy bottle to the lips, freezing the water in the tea-kettle on the fire, congealing sounds, converting

sighs into showers of snow, and briny tears into icicles, is it not probable that it may reduce the temperature of the human body so low, as to interfere with the internal economy, compelling the blood to roll through the veins and arteries in the form of peas, dropping one by one into the proper cavities of the heart, and being again discharged from thence like small shot? Now, when matters shall have arrived at such a pitch as this, there is something in the heart, at mach, or bowels, (I think the former,) of many young men called *love*, which though very hot in its nature, must at length acknowledge the frigorific influence. What then will be the result? We know that even in the comparatively warm climate of Russia, some sorts of liquor are frozen to such a degree, that the whole strength is concentrated, perhaps, into one five-hundredth part of its original space. Now, should this be the case with love, fierce and burning in its present state, to what a deplorable situation must it reduce the unfortunate victim?—if he attempts to breathe, emitting flames like a fabled dragon, while the dissolving blood rushes along in copious streams, and after each respiration as suddenly congeals. But, oh horror! horror! should he have accosted himself to the use of spirits—on the first kindling of the flame, up he goes like a shell, a mine, a rock et! I think of this in time, gentle youths, whose sensibility may have betrayed you into love, who 'have drank the soft poison of a speaking eye.' Root it from your bosoms ere the catastrophe arrives, with persevering fortitude and resolution, and deposit this soft delusive something where it may be at hand for use in a milder clime; there only can it avail: then when the moment arrives which shows you the other terrific symptoms I have mentioned, you will hail me as your friend, your guardian, your benefactor.

(*Surgeon Fisher.*) "FROSTICUS.

"Should my conjectures prove correct, would it not be a national benefit to make a turn-pike road from Hudson's Bay to this dreary region? How many married pairs might here revive the almost extinct sparks of regard, and as soon as their bosoms were sufficiently warmed, set off and avoid the dangers of combustion!"

The third contribution is entitled—

"ARCTIC MISERIES.

"Going out in a winter morning for the purpose of taking a walk, and before you have proceeded ten yards from the ship, getting a cold bath in the cook's steep hole".

"When on a hunting excursion, and being close to a fine deer, after several attempts to fire, discovering that your piece is neither primed nor loaded, while the animals' four legs are employed in carrying away the body.

"Setting out with a piece of new bread in your pocket on a shooting party, and when you feel inclined to eat it, having occasion to observe that it is so frozen that your teeth will not penetrate it.

"Being called from table by intelligence that a wolf is approaching the vessels, which, on closer inspection, proves to be a dog; on going again below, detecting the cat in running off with your dinner.

"Returning on board your ship after an evening visit in a contemplative humour, and being roused from a pleasing reverie by the close embrace of a bear.

"Sitting down in anticipation of a comfortable breakfast, and finding that the tea, by mistake, is made of salt water. "OLD COMICAL."

A poetical effusion succeeds, and is well worth a place in the poet's corner.

The first play-bill is at least a curiosity, as it records the names of several of our brave adventures; and we copy it in commemoration of them—

"Theatre Royal, North Georgia. —The public are respectfully informed, that the theatre will open, for the first time, on Friday next, November 5, 1819, when will be performed Garrick's celebrated farce of *Missinher Teens*; or, *The Medley of Lovers*. *Men*, Sir Simon Loveit, Mr. Nias; Capt. Flash, Mr. Bushnan; Jasper, Mr. Hoppner; Capt. Loveit, Mr. Griffiths; Fribble, Mr. Parry; Puff, Mr. Wakeham. *Women*, Miss Bidley, Mr. Beechey; Aunt, Mr. Beverley; Tag, Mr. Hooper. Songs, by Messrs. Skene, Palmer, and Bushnan, will be introduced between the acts. Previous to the performance, an appropriate address, written ex-

pressly for the occasion, will be spoken by Mr. Wakeham. Doors will open at half-past six, and the curtain will rise precisely at seven."

Lieut. Beechey was manager and scene painter, and the play went off with eclat. Mr. Wakeham seems to be the principal bard at the outset; and the following song, sung on the 5th November by Mr. Skene, is a fair example of his tuneful capacity.

Song, Mr. Skene. Tune, Jesse of Dumbblaine.

Oh! what can compare with the beams of the morn,

When the bright sparkling dew-drops bespangle the thorn,

When Aurora's young blushes tint deeper the sky,

Ere the Sun's flaming orb is yet mounted on high?

'Tis the soft smiles of beauty, that beams from the eyes

Of thy daughters, fair Albion! the land that we prize.

When distant, far distant, from all that's held dear,

From the happy fire-side, and the friend that's sincere;

What nerves for the battle the arm of the brave,

Or bids us encounter the storm-beaten wave?

'Tis the soft smiles of beauty, that beams from the eyes

Of thy daughters, fair Albion! the land that we prize.

Tho' thy sons in the field are undaunted in war,

And the fame of thy chieftains resound from afar;

Tho' Nature each charm in thine island combines,

One ray of thy glory all others outshines.

'Tis the soft smile of beauty, that beams from the eyes

Of thy daughters, fair Albion! the land that we prize.

What leads us to traverse these regions unknown,

And explore each recess of this dark frozen zone?

Tho' with thirst of renown every bosom may burn,

What reward do we hope when again we return?

'Tis the soft smile of beauty, that beams from the eyes

Of thy daughters, fair Albion! the land that we prize.

Among the advertisements, there is some humour—ex. gr.

"Wanted, a middle-aged Woman, not above thirty, of good character, to assist in DRESSING the LADIES of the THEATRE. Her salary will be handsome; and she will

* A hole in the ice for steeping salt meat.

be allowed tea and small beer into the bargain. None need apply but such as are perfectly acquainted with the business, and can produce undeniable references.—A line addressed to the Committee will be duly attended to.—N.B. A widow will be preferred.

"For sale by auction, by Nicholas Knockdown, at the Observatory, on the coldest day in January next, —A QUANTITY of NANKEEN, the property of a gentleman, who expected to get into the Pacific in September last.

"* * * Flannels and furs will be gladly taken as part payment"

We believe the following fine lines, which close No. 6, are the production of Captain Parry.

Reflections on seeing the Sun set for a period of three Months. November, 1819.

Behold yon glorious orb, whose feeble ray

Mocks the proud glare of Summer's livelier day!

His noon-tide beam shot upward thro' the sky,

Scarce gilds the vault of Heaven's blue canopy—

A fainter yet, and yet a fainter light—
And lo! he leaves us now to one long cheerless night!

And is his glorious course for ever o'er?
And has he set indeed—to rise no more?
To us no more shall Spring's enlivening beam

Unlock the fountains of the fetter'd stream—

No more the wild bird carol through the sky,

And cheer yon mountains with rude melody?—

* * * * *

Once more shall Spring her energy resume,

And chase the horrors of this wintry gloom—

Once more shall Summer's animating ray

Enliven Nature with perpetual day—
Yon radiant orb, with self inherent light

Shall rise, and dissipate the shades of night,

In peerless splendour re-possess the sky,
And shine in renovated majesty.

In yon departing orb methinks I see
A counterpart of frail mortality.

Emblem of man! when life's declining sun

Proclaims this awful truth, "thy race is run!"

His sun once set—its bright effulgence gone,

All, all is darkness—as it ne'er had shone!

Yet not for ever is man's glory fled,
His name for ever 'numbered with the dead!—

Like yon bright orb, th' immortal part of man

Shall end in glory, as it first began,—
Like Him, encircled in celestial light,

Shall rise triumphant 'midst the shades of night,

Her native energies again resume,
Dispel the dreary winter of the tomb.

And, bidding Death with all its terrors fly,

Bloom in perpetual Spring thro' all eternity!

ANALECTA.

ON COOKERY.

[From the last Number of the Edinburgh Review.]

(Continued from page 427.)

The goose, in France, does not hold nearly so distinguished a rank as in England, being there as '*un rôt bourgeois*,' yet its liver is the main ingredient of one of the most important productions of that country. Those who are not already acquainted with the following account, will feel something besides surprise on perusing it.

De l'Oie—Mais ce qui mérite à l'oie toute la reconnaissance des véritables gourmands, ce qui lui assure un rang très-distingué parmi les volatiles, ce sont ses foies dont on fabrique à Strasbourg ces pâtés admirables, le plus grand luxe d'un entremets, et dont nous avons dit précédemment un mot. Pour obtenir ces foies d'une grosseur convenable, il faut sacrifier la personne de la bête. Bonnée de nourriture, privée de boisson, et fixée près d'un grand feu, au-devant duquel elle est clorée par les pattes sur une planche, cette oie passe, il faut en convenir, une vie assez malheureuse. Ce seroit même un supplice tout-à-fait-intolérable pour elle, si l'idée du sort qui l'attend ne lui servoit de consolation. Mais cette perspective lui fait supporter ses maux avec courage; et lorsqu'elle pense que son foie, plus gros qu'elle-même, et larde de truffes, revêtu d'une pâte savante ira par l'entremise de M. Corcellet porter dans toute l'Europe la gloire de son nom, elle se résigne à la destinée, et ne laisse pas même couler une larme!

It is but justice however, to remark, that this mode of fattening geese in France, is not frequently resorted to. The more usual practice to procure those large livers, the grace and ornament of good

tables, is by shutting the animal in a box so small that it cannot turn round, and then cramming it with soaked maize and poppy oil, allowing water *ad libitum*. They are kept in a cellar, (darkness being favourable, as it prevents all distraction, and directs the whole powers to the digestive organs.) The practice, however, varies considerably amongst the different practitioners in the fattening trade, two amongst an hundred scarcely adopting the same plan. Few now think it necessary to put out the eyes; and even those do not do so till a few days before their death. The geese of *Alsace*, who are fattened on the most humane, as well as the most approved principles, under the above noticed treatment acquire a prodigious fatness, which may be called an oleaginous dropsy, the effect of a general atony of the absorbents, caused by want of exercise, combined with succulent food crammed down their throats in an under oxygenated atmosphere. (See article Food, Suppl. Enc. Brit.) A practice very similar to this is adopted by the fatteners of fowls for the London market, who shut them up in the dark, and cram them with a paste made of barley meal, mutton suet, treacle and milk. Under this regimen, they are what is technically termed *ripe* in a fortnight; and, if kept longer, the fever induced by this state of repletion renders them red, and frequently kills them.

One of the most singular refinements of the art, and which was carried to a great height amongst the ancients, was a sort of travestying different dishes, or imitating others. Thus, a cheaper sort of fish was taught to assume the shape and flavour of a rarer species. The story of Trimalchion, who imitated the flesh and flavour of different animals with fish alone, is familiar to our readers. In Catholic countries, this part of the art is now carried to a great degree of perfection; inasmuch, that at the table of a certain Cardinal on maigre days, every sort of meat was so well imitated by fish alone, that the guests were scandalized, never doubting that it was flesh with which his excellency was tempting them. The old cookery books abound with singular dishes in travesty; such as '*a turkey in the shape of a foo ball,*' '*a shoulder of mutton like a beehive,*'

and an entré of pigeons like a spider, &c. But the most singular, and, at the same time, the most disgusting and incredible receipt, is in '*Wesker's Secrets of Nature*,' quoted in the *Apicius Redivivus*, 'how to roast and eat a goose alive,' in which it is directed 'to pluck off all the feathers but those of the head and neck, and surround her by fire, giving her cups of water and chargers of sodden apples, basting her with butter,' &c. But we will not disgust our readers by the nauseous details, which, however, are so particular, as to make us believe that the experiment must have been actually tried.

The third and last part, containing the '*Elemens de Politesse Gourmande*,' we consider as far inferior to the practical parts of the work; and are tempted to believe, that the author has so entirely devoted himself to the theory and practice of the culinary art, that the graces, even as far as they concern the conduct and service of the table, have not been very diligently studied. A comparison, however, of some of the rules of French society, with those adopted in this country, might be curious: On the subject of introducing guests to each other, and of servants waiting at table during dinner, we quite concur with the author.

'Nous insistons d'autant plus sur ce point, que, faute de cette attention, nous avons vu plus d'une fois des personnes qu'un grand nombre de rapports auroient rapprochées, passer ensemble une journée entière sans se parler, parce qu'elles ignoroient respectivement leur nom et leur profession. De tels inconvéniens naissent toujours de l'insouciance ou de l'inattention des Amphitryons. Ils se privent eux-mêmes par-là de beaucoup d'agréments; car cet isolement des convives, jette nécessairement de la contrainte, de l'embarras, et même du froid dans la conversation de toute la journée.'—La présence des valets cause encore un autre dommage; elle accuse la durée du festin, dont ils mandissent intérieurement la longueur. Tant de bonnes choses qu'ils ont sous les yeux, et dont ils ne peuvent user, deviennent pour eux autant de privations vraiment douloureuses; ils sont donc condamnés tous les jours au supplice

du père de Pélops. On lit sur leur figure les sensations qu'ils doivent nécessairement éprouver, en comparant le dîner qu'ils ont fait, on qui les attend, avec celui qu'ils ont sous les yeux; et le spectacle de ces mines allongées, et de ces bouches avides, est fait pour paralyser l'appétit du plus intrépide gourmand.'

The relative duties of host and guest are shortly summed up by the author as follows 'Noblesse, munificence, et attention continuelle d'une part, appétit, docilité, et gratitude sans bornes de l'autre.'

The '*Cour Gastronomique*' is the least entertaining of the different works we have examined. It is made up of a vast number of quotations from *Athæneus*, *Apicius*, *Nonius de re Cibiaria*, *Columella*, &c.; and we could hardly suppose, considering the great stores the author must have had an opportunity of consulting, that he could have compiled a book so dull. The best part is a *Carte Gastronomique de la France*, in which each town celebrated for any gastronomic production is marked by a representation of it in the map, thus giving a general view of the most celebrated 'productions comestibles' in each town. This carte at first appeared to us to be a part of a celestial globe; but, on a nearer inspection, the representation of what we conceived to be *Ursa Major* and *Ursa Minor*, &c. we found to be the fat oxen of *Limoge*, &c. The work also contains a curious classification, &c. of tastes (*savours*), the number of which the author makes to correspond with the seven prismatic colours.

Those of our readers who have been used to the imperfect and barbarous nomenclature and directions of *Mrs. Glasse*, and who have not watched the recent progress of the science in this country, will be surprised at the rapid strides which which have been made towards the improvement of the art of cookery; and we may venture to prophesy, that the *Apicius Redivivus*, which it is understood is from the learned pen of *Dr. Kitchener*,* will be con-

* The singular coincidence of name and subject led us at first to suppose that a culpable modesty had induced the author to assume the pseudonyme of '*Kitchener*;' but in this we were mistaken: we find that there is a real *Dr. Kitchener*; and

considered as the English *Institute* of cookery, and may well earn for the doctor the proud title of *Apicius Britannicus*. We in some degree, however, quarrel with him, he having, we think, helped himself too largely from the stores of the *Almanack des Gourmands*, and other French institutional works, and not having always made sufficient acknowledgments.

The *Apicius* is well dedicated to '*tasteful palates, keen appetites, and capacious stomachs*,' by the author who has made it a *bona fide* register of practical facts, accumulated by a perseverance not to be subdued or evaporated by the terrors of a roasting fire in the dog days. The receipts, he states, were actually written down by the fire-side, with a spit in the one hand, and a pen in the other; in defiance to the combined odoriferous calefacient repellants of roasting and boiling, frying and broiling. 'The author submitting to a labour no preceding cookery book-maker perhaps ever attempted to encounter; having eaten every receipt before he set it down in his book, and no composition being inserted without the imprimatur of an enlightened and indefatigable COMMITTEE OF TASTE, composed of profound palatians, who, the doctor states, were so philosophically and disinterestedly regardless of the wear and tear of teeth and stomach, that their labour appeared a pleasure to them.'

The principal object of cookery, he observes, is to make the food not merely inviting to the appetite, but agreeable and useful to the stomach; nourishing without being inflammatory, and savoury without being surfeiting. 'To be a profound palatian, and complete mistress of the art of extracting and combining flavours, besides being the gift of good taste, requires all the experience and all the genius, all the dexterity and skill, of the most accomplished

that he is devoted to the culinary art with a zeal almost unequalled. If report be true, the doctor spends some hours each day in his laboratory; and has more than once worked his whole book through, in a course of experimental cookery.

We understand a new edition of *Apicius Redivivus*, with the more popular title of the *Cook's Oracle*, with numerous additions and improvements, is about to make its appearance.

and exquisite professor, and especially an intimate acquaintance with. and an attentive consideration of the palates of those for whom she (the cook) is working. There are as many degrees of sensibility of palate, as there are of perfection in the eyes and ears of painters and musicians; and unless nature, observes Dr. K., has given the organ of taste in a due degree, his book will no more make an Apicius, than it can a Reynolds, or an Arne.

Amongst the different works published in this country, we must mention one by Mr. Simpson, cook to the late Marquis of Buckingham; not, however, from any intrinsic merit of the work. As far as relates to the art of cookery, it is we conceive, worse than useless; but Mr. Simpson has added 365 bills of fare, of dinners, for one year, dressed by the author for the late Marquis, which include a synopsis of the entertainments given at Stowe during a week's residence of his present majesty, and of a supper given to Louis XVIII. and the French princes. We trust that at least one of the four editions of this work will be preserved in the British Museum, for the benefit of future antiquaries; and if so, we have no doubt, a few hundred years hence, some bookworm will have the good luck to discover this treasure, and transmit to the Antiquarian Society an account of the identical dinner eaten by George the IV., when prince of Wales, on such a particular day; with the very important addition 'of the manner in which each dish was dressed and served.'

We must not however, omit to do full justice to Dr. Kitchener; he has not done his work by halves:—indigestion is a subject very nearly connected with good eating; in France, however, it does not appear that this is the source of such evil and torment as in this country. 'Digestion,' the French say, 'is the stomach's affair;' indigestion, 'that of the Doctor;' but lest any one should suffer by an incautious indulgence in the good things displayed in the '*Cook's Oracle*,' the author has published a separate work, under the title of *Peptic Receipts*, in which the prevailing symptoms of indigestion are carefully noticed, and the most effectual antidotes prescribed.

We suspect however, that in all dietetic directions, medical men prescribe pretty much according to what they find suits their own tastes. Dr. Darwin used to eat a cream cheese or two at once; and he was not sparing, on all occasions, in prescribing cream and butter in large quantities to his patients:—we rather suspect that the author of the *Peptic Precepts* is not an exception from this rule. A perusal of the work leaves us with the impression, that a considerable proportion of his time had been occupied in good eating, and the remainder in devising the means for releasing himself from the ill effects of repletion.

TOMLINE'S LIFE OF PITT.

[From the Examiner.]

*Life of the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt to the year 1793. By the Right Rev. George Tomline, D. D. Bishop of Winchester.**

Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus,—not *mus* certainly, for a brace of thick quartos compiled with merciless amplitude from parliamentary debates and annual registers, physically and financially at least, are no such trifles. Setting bulk and price aside, the adage is tolerably applicable; a production less disclosive as to unknown matter of fact, or more trite in the management of that which is well known, was never offered to a satiated public. But certain consequences are felt, and certain clubs are declining; and whatever its merit, a book with an awful name in its title page, placed directly over that of an eminent publisher, has a marketable value. Sufficing reasons separately, but collectively overwhelming.

From his early attainment of power, and retention of it, with little more than a nominal interval, until his decease, the life of Mr. PITT escapes from the minor province of Biography, into the more comprehensive one of History. From the

engrossment and peculiarity of his character in other respects, it probably affords less of amusing and illustrative matter than that of Statesmen in general; but we scarcely can be brought to think that any life can be so wholly public as not to supply some materials for a contemplation of the habits, indications, sentiments, and manners, which mark the man as distinct from the politician. Bishop TOMLINE promises us something of this kind in a *third* volume; but as the early life of Mr. PITT is necessarily supplied in the first, we are astonished at acquiring so little from his tutor and his friend. We suspect, that if the Bishop of WINCHESTER aimed at the ease and spirit of nature, he would never succeed as a portrait painter; but so complete a failure as this compilation must be owing to other causes than want of skill. In short, we attribute the attempt mainly to a perception, that the *Dagon* of the Georgian era, as Dr. SOUTHEY calls it, has fallen, even in his own temple; and that it is to prop up declining political reputation, we owe so unsparing an application to paste and scissors. We are the more inclined to this opinion, as the *two* volumes (there are only to be three) form a sort of digest of the public measures of Mr. PITT up to the revolutionary war—about eight out of the twenty-one years of his statesmanship; and that a part, too, the merit of which can be least disputed. Why are two volumes to be given to eight years of peace, and only one to thirteen of war? Was the latter less fruitful of event, or more barren of consequences? The question is easily answered; but dropping speculation as to manner, let us look a little to argument and execution.

The first thing that strikes us upon these points, is that the entire work is an *unmixed* panegyric. This is not unnatural from a Tutor, in respect to his Pupil, or a Bishop in reference to his Creator; but it is dreadfully injurious to the genuine character of Biography. In every thing but lightness, elegance, and felicity, the volumes before us may be compared to those academical harangues, upon the decease of eminent men, which the French, with so much propriety, term *Eloges*, in which merits alone are alluded to, and errors and weaknesses kept

* We again combine literary and political articles.

† Very correct tradesmanlike notions on these and similar subjects may exist where they might be least suspected. The *Morning Chronicle* has informed us, that when the other friendly creditors of Mr. PITT gave up their claims, his Right Rev. Friend and Tutor stipulated for his Library by way of composition.

down. It is unnecessary to observe, that the policy of any given eight years of public measures, can scarcely be regarded retrospectively, after a competent interval, without affording some materials for correction and amendment. We have nothing of this, except by a side wind, against Mr. PITT's premature notions in favour of *Reform*. This sufficiently decides upon the objects of this publication, and in a grand particular upon its pretensions. Whatever can advance Mr. PITT's merits is produced—whatever can detract from them withheld. The arguments of his opponents are brought forward only to be condemned; and where that would be difficult, not brought forward at all. All this is in course, looking to the source; but it is neither history nor biography. Admirers of Mr. PITT, whom the harvest of passing consequences renders nervous, may very judiciously purchase these volumes by way of tonic or corroborative; but they who require a picture of the man, or a history of his measures, will do well to cater for themselves; the stores which have supplied Bishop TOMLINE are open to all men.

The most interesting portion of this publication, looking upon it simply as what it is, will be found in the early part of the first volume. We there meet with a few letters, exhibit of the parental tenderness of LORD CHATELAIN; and learn some slight particulars of the college life of his favourite son. The early maturity of Mr. PITT, like that of many other great men, seems partly to be accounted for by physical causes. Of a sickly constitution, he was not brought up in a public school; and for the same reason could not indulge in the usual sports and exercises of adolescence. That the natural consequence of this unavoidable seclusion is greater consideration and earlier mental manhood, is proverbial. In the case of Mr. PITT, it appears to have fostered the haughty demeanour and lofty self reliance, which he inherited from his father. His refusal, at the age of 23, of any place but that of a Cabinet Minister, and his attainment of the latter in his 25th year, are strong circumstances. The truth was, however, that the nation had become disgusted with coalition wretchedness, party chicanery, gross venality,

and transparent struggles for power, even to *abhorrence*; and felt a delight in mortifying their own *virtual* representatives, by assisting the Sovereign to support a young man of evident abilities and fair character to baffle and set them at naught. He did so; and then it was *fashionable* to say, that the House of Commons *did not* express the will of the people; and a new Administration was formed on the express declaration, which absolutely defied the majority. So much for virtual representation. This crisis, in the commencement of Mr. PITT's progress, undoubtedly indicated great strength of character, and afforded no small presentiment, both of the good and the evil of his future career.

The leading *merit* of Mr. PITT's early Administration was clearly created by his extraordinary talents for business. These carried him through an immense portion of financial regulation and arrangement, which undoubtedly was for the most part, highly beneficial. The leading *defect* in his character was a want of lofty general principles, which necessarily rendered him a too pure disciple of expediency, although a master in his line. Prudence rather than wisdom was his great characteristic, even before the revolutionary war; and subsequently, the petulant presumption of his character broke equally loose from the moorings of both. The mode in which he supported great questions of humanity and policy, show the nature of his genius most clearly. He was for Parliamentary Reform when he entered the House, and ought to have remained so, for his own call to power very strikingly evinced its necessity. The Sovereign and people were against the Commons; but suppose the Sovereign had been with the Commons, what a delightful illustration of virtual representation would have followed. This as to the Pittite is the *Argumentum ad Hominem*.^{*} Catholic Emancipation,

^{*} Since writing the above passage, a book has accidentally fallen into our hands entitled "An Essay on the Polity of England," written in the year 1785. The author, who evidently espoused the cause of Mr. PITT against the coalition and majority in the Commons, is ultraloyal as to prerogative, but takes precisely the same arguments against an oligar-

archy and the abolition of the Slave Trade—what, as a Minister, did he do for either? And doing nothing the Bishop can praise him. In fine, Mr. PITT was a transcendent man of business, and consequently an *imposing* statesman, much as LOUIS XVI. was a great King. Had Great Britain escaped the revolutionary war, he might have passed with posterity for something more; but he was clearly unequal to the mighty march of circumstance which overtook him, and entirely miscalculated the energy of the impetus to which he opposed himself. Is the result of the late war—the *accidental* result—to be quoted as a proof to the contrary? We can scarcely take up a newspaper without being satisfied of the absurdity of that argument. In spite of Mr. PITT and his successors, and the Holy Alliance to boot, the world will go on.

Besides the various arrangements in regard to revenue and taxation—the India Bill—(which smuggled all that for which Fox openly contended)—the settlement of American Loyalist Claims—Management of Crown Lands—Canadian Adjustment—French Commercial Treaty—Conduct of squabbles with Spain and Russia—Defence of Stadtholder—Regency Question—Defence of Corporation and Test Acts—as also of the Penal Statutes against the impugning of the Trinity;—all are more or less dwelt upon as claims to national gratitude; some with propriety, whilst others may produce a melancholy smile. The Sinking Fund, however, is the most farcical theme of panegyric; and the position that Mr. PITT was *forced* into the revolutionary war the most elaborately argued. Of the latter endeavour, we shall say nothing, it would lead us too far, but we are glad to perceive, that the *principle* of interference is not maintained. The

House of Commons as the more modern Reformers. The Crown and the Commons have since shaken hands upon agreement, at whose expense is evident enough. The permanent interest of the Crown, however, is otherwise, and it will be found so. The strict maintenance of prerogative and free representation, are not only compatible, but essential to British freedom. It is curious to see that downward from the Crown, and upward from the people, virtual representation can be proved an Unconstitutional *Usurpation*.

Bishop, with great novelty, attributes the French revolution to VOLTAIRE & Co. Ages of oppression and misgovernment had nothing to do with the mischief, and it was, we presume, quite right that a King should walk into a public assembly, with a horsewhip in his hand, and order taxes to be registered, at his pleasure, to the end of time. The Bishop, however, *d'es* allow that the disorder of the finances—which disorder was doubtless created by the aforesaid VOLTAIRE and companions—had something to do with it; and pleasantly admits, that if the privileged orders had been moderate in time, the monarchy might have been saved. Acquitting Messrs. the Philosophers, and in the teeth of the Bishop's argument, we should not wonder if posterity were to pronounce the revolution a necessary consequence of oppression, misrule, profligacy, and corruption; and the horrors of it at once a reproof to tyranny, and a lesson to those whose duty it is to ameliorate it.

His panegyric upon the immortal plan of the Sinking Fund is written as if the Bishop had been asleep for the last half dozen years, and had composed upon the subject before he was thoroughly awake. The folly of this hyperbole, as applied to the mere application of a surplus revenue, is ridiculous, especially when additional taxation is inflicted to create it. The Sinking Fund has proved a piece of machinery to keep up the price of stock, and facilitate loans, and has failed to effect a single direct advantage. The only one that in any circumstance could accrue, was a redemption of debt precisely in proportion as the nation found the means. In other words, in so far as the people deprived themselves of money, which, in their own possession, (according to the dubious theory of infinite reproduction,) must necessarily be productive, in order to appropriate it to a process, where it must as necessarily be unproductive, they redeemed debt at a grievous expense,—one of the facts which unlimited paper was brought in to conceal, and it did conceal it and every thing else too for a season. But, waiving all these objections, the Sinking Fund as a plan to manage a surplus is neither wonderful nor extraordinary, being in fact pointed out by the nature of the

funds themselves. Without a real surplus, it *must* be all folly and delusion; and so it has proved. Such nonsense, after Professor HAMILTON has shut up the truth in a small octavo, is monstrous. The celebrated Cycle Scheme, by which every loan was to redeem itself in 47 years,* also extorts the Bishop of WISCHES-TER's unbounded admiration, especially the clause which ordains that the various products shall on no account be diverted. Lord THURLOW lost the Chancellorship for ridiculing this arrangement, which he described as childish to the last degree. Bishop TOMLINX gravely reprehends Lord THURLOW, in a book which comes out just as the clearness of his foresight is rendered evident by an appropriation of 1. out of the 15 sacred millions to the current expenses of the year!!! It must be stronger propping than this, my Lord, that will keep up the tottering Pitt Clubs, depend upon it.

When will the third volume appear? Query—Will it ever appear?

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION.

A Summer's Evening.

A cloudless sky, the whispering breeze,
The sun's last parting ray,
Gleaming bright through tops of trees,
Invite the rural lay.

The lovely nymphs with rosy cheeks
And countenances bland,
With cheering smiles and sportive shrieks,
Forth issue hand in hand.

To yonder hill and verdant grove
With tripping steps they hie,
To sit them in some green alcove
And watch the swallows fly.

They choose a path with flow'rets strew'd
Where fragrant odours rise
On gentle gales, with power endu'd,
To scent the ambient skies.

And as they pass the verdant vale,
Where grows the lovelock fair,
They pluck its blooms, and all empale
Their heads exposed to th' air.

* Laborious and delusive nothingness. An additional sum is borrowed at a certain interest to accumulate, but which accumulation the people are taxed to supply, and that by a scheme which absolutely causes them to lose by the process; that is, in all usual circumstances the interest they pay for the loan is higher than that which it redeems. Every man of common intellect would detect and spurn at such fallacy in his own affairs. These schemes are mere bounses to money-dealers and large fund-holders, and tricks upon every body else.

At length they reach the highest peak,
Whence nitid fields of grain
Appear in view and meadows sleek,
And the distant deep blue main.

And here they extol the power and might
Of Him who made the globe,
Who doth the Heavens, at silent night,
With twinkling stars enrobe.

For Sol had sunk low in the west,
Beyond the mountains gray,
The feathered choir had sought their rest
Upon the bushy spray.

And in the azure sky afar
With her attendants bright,
Pale Cynthia, in her silvery car,
Rode foremost, queen of night.

Whilst twilight lingers in the west,
The nymphs refresh'd arise;
And passing many a harmless jest,
They homeward cast their eyes.

They leave the murmur'ing copse behind,
Whilst winged zephyrs play
Full in their faces, as they wind
Their courses home—thus ends my lay. J. S. B.

STANZAS ON PAINTING.

By T. Campbell, Esq.*

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

O, thou! by whose expressive art,
Her perfect image nature sees,
In union with the graces, start,
And sweeter by reflection please!
In whose creative hand the hues,
Stol'n from yon orient rainbow shine:
I bless thee, Promethean Muse:
And hail thee brightest of the Nine!

Possessing more than mortal power;
Persuasive more than poet's tongue,
Whose lineage in a raptur'd hour,
From Love, the lord of Nature, sprung:
Does Hope her high possession meet?
Is Joy triumphant,—sorrow flown?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet,
When all we love is all our own.

But hush, thou pulse of pleasure deary
Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part;
Lone absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart,
Then for a beam of joy to light,
In memory's sad and wakeful eye;
Or banish from the noon of night,
Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall song its witching cadence roll;
Yea, even the tenderest air repeat
That breathed when soul was knit to soul

And heart to heart responsive beat:
What visions rise to charm, to melt!
The lost, the loved, the dead are near;
Oh, hush that strain, too deeply felt,
And cease that silence too severe.

But thou serenely silent art,
By heaven and love both taught to lend

* We are led to believe that these lines, handed about among friends in Edinburgh, are by the author to whom they are assigned, and unpublished.—Ed.

A milder solace to the heart:

The sacred image of a friend;
All is not lost if yet possessed;

For me that sweet memorial shine,
If close and closer to my breast,
I hold the image all divine.

Or gazing thro' luxurious tears,
Melt over the departed form,
Till death's cold bosom half appears
With life, and speech, and spirit warm:
She looks, she lives, this transient hour
Her bright eye seems a purer gem
Than sparkles on the throne of power,
Or Glory's starry diadem.

Yes, Genius, yes! thy mimic aid,
A treasure to my soul has given,
When Beauty's canonized shade
Smiles thro' the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre form of pleasure fled,
Thy softening, sweetening tints restore;
For thou canst give us back the dead,
Even in the loveliest form she wore.

Then blest be Nature's guardian Muse,
Whose hand her polished grace redeems;
Whose tablet of a thousand hues
The mirror of creation seems.

From Love began thy high descent:
And lovers charmed with gifts of thine,
Shall bless thee, mutely eloquent,
And hail thee brightest of the NINE!

PERCY ANECDOTES.

YOUTH.

Gaming reproved.

'Hush, pretty boy, thy hopes might have been better;

'Tis lost at dice what ancient honour won;
Hard, when the father plays away the son!'

YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Joannes Gonzaga having lost at dice a large sum of money, his son, Alexander, who was present, could not help heaving a deep sigh. Gonzaga observing this, said to the bye-standers, 'Alexander the Great hearing of a victory that his father had gained, is reported to have shown himself very sad at the news, as fearing that there would be nothing left for him to conquer; but, my son Alexander is afflicted at my loss, as fearing that there will be nothing left for him to lose.' 'Yes,' replied the youth smartly, 'and had Philip lost his all, Alexander would never have had the means of conquering any thing.'

Princes of Brunswick.

The two Princes of Brunswick, (sons of the late duke) were, from their earliest years, boys of what the French call *tres grande esperance*. They were resident in England from the age of eight to twelve years.

After the battle of Leipsic, a subscription was set on foot throughout England, for the benefit of the suffering widows

and orphans. It was no sooner known to the princes, then living at Vauxhall than they agreed between themselves, unknown to their preceptor, to give all their pocket money, and a hoard of foreign old coin, which had been some time in accumulating, in aid of the fund. This resolved upon, they requested their tutor to take a ride to Mr. Ackermann's, where the subscriptions were deposited, and upon their arrival there, to his no small astonishment and admiration, they pulled out the bag in which the treasure had been kept, and requested it might be conveyed to Mr. Ackermann, with the observation, "that it was all they had to give." So singular a mark of generosity and patriotism in children, both under twelve years of age, has perhaps been seldom equalled.

Convict's Offspring.

—"Fate can strike but one;
Reproach doth reach whole families."

CARTWRIGHT.

When the universal resentment against Mrs. Brownrigg, of infamous memory, was at its height, and her two younger children were doomed to feel their parent's guilt in the destitute state in which they were left, the eldest, a dejected, modest, and pretty boy, under fourteen years of age, applied to Mr. Lacy, a painter, of Fetter-lane, to intreat that he would employ him; pleading, with artless eloquence, the ruin his little sister of five years old was doomed to, if he could not, by his labour and industry, support and keep her out of the workhouse, promising at the same time the utmost diligence and good behaviour, if he would be so good as to employ him. Mr. Lacy, moved with compassion and the lad's generous motives, immediately took him into his service, strictly forbidding all his servants, on pain of dismissal, to reproach the boy on account of his family.

Hogarth.

Hogarth's youth was rather unpromising. He was bound apprentice to a mean engraver of arms on plate; but did not remain long in this occupation, before an accidental circumstance discovered the impulse of his genius, and that it was directed to painting. One Sunday, he set out with two or three of his companions on an excursion to Highgate. The weather being hot, they went into a public house, where they had not been long before a quarrel arose between two persons in the room, one of whom struck the other on the head with a quart pot, and cut him very much. Hogarth drew out his pencil, and produced an extremely ludicrous picture of the scene. What rendered this piece the more pleasing was, that it exhibited an exact likeness of the man, with the portrait of his antagonist, and the figures in caricature of the persons gathered round him.

The Page.

Frederick the Great one day ringing his bell, but nobody coming, he opened the door of the anti-chamber, and found his page sleeping on a chair. In going to awaken him, he saw a written paper hanging out of his pocket. This excited the king's curiosity and attention; he drew it out, and found it to be a letter from the page's mother, wherein she thanked her son for his kind assistance in sending part of his wages; for which heaven would certainly reward him, if he continued faithful to his majesty. The king immediately fetched a rouleau of ducats, and slipped it, with the letter, into the page's pocket. Soon after he rung the bell and awoke the page, who made his appearance. "Surely you have been asleep," said the king. The boy stammered part of an excuse, and part of a confession, and putting his hand in his pocket, found, to his surprise, the roll of ducats. He drew it out, pale and trembling, but unable to speak a syllable. "What is the matter?" said the king. "Alas! your majesty," said the page, falling on his knees, "my ruin is intended: I know nothing of this money."—"Why," said the king, "whenever fortune does come, she comes sleeping; you may send it to your mother, with my compliments, and assure her I will provide for you both." This scene has produced a comedy, by Professor Engle, entitled "*The Noble Youth*."

Gro'ius.

Hugo Grotius, at the age of eight years, is said to have composed verses which an old poet would not have disavowed. At the age of fifteen, he maintained theses in philosophy, mathematics, and jurisprudence, with great applause. The following year he went to France, where he attracted the notice of Henry IV. On his return to his own country, he pleaded his first cause at the age of seventeen, having previously published Commentaries on Capella and Aratus. When only twenty-four years of age, he was made Advocate General of Rotterdam.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY JAMES MAXWELL,

Corner of Fourth and Walnut-streets,

AT SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable on the first of June

Single numbers 12 1-2 cents.

Subscribers who are desirous of obtaining the Literary Gazette monthly, will be supplied with 4 numbers on the first of each month, stitched in covers.